

cer Whitehair, for Speaker and brothers Thomas Jackson and Walter Buckalew for Deacons. The latter is a son of brother George Buckalew, the pastor of the church at Terra Alta and a promising young man. I baptized him about one year ago. We had a very pleasant meeting of one week. The immediate result was eight added to the church; three by baptism and five from the G. B.'s. As usual we had to close just when the interest seemed to demand a continuance of the work. God bless the church at Terra Alta and everywhere is our prayer.

H. WISE.

THE JOURNEY WESTWARD.

(Continued from last week.)

The railroad bed, however, is not irrigated and clouds of alkali dust are whirled into the air by the swiftly moving train. It makes one lose interest in the panorama of beauty outside, for it causes the skin to burn, eyes to smart, and even one's lungs rebel against the stuff. Through the dust, Salt Lake City is pointed out to us, and high above the surrounding buildings, rise the white walls of the great Mormon temple. The city itself is disappointing to the traveler as he passes through on the train. Its streets are very wide, and on either side of them there flows a small stream of clear sparkling water. But trees everywhere, almost entirely hide the city from view. Its buildings seem to be low, few more than one story in height except the temple which is four or five I should think. In the distance we see what we suppose is the lake, but upon a nearer approach we find that we have only seen heavy deposits of salt which lies in crystals on the ground. After some hours of such deception, we really do see the lake, and it has a briny appearance even to the naked eye as we see it in the distance. When we are told that its waters are more than thirty per cent. salt, we are not surprised at its appearance. There is nothing of beauty about it, as I saw it.

Leaving Salt Lake City, we have an hour's ride to Ogden, which impresses one quite favorably. It seems an enterprising place, and is quite up to date in appearance. A magnificent depot, built of granite, is the terminus of the Rio Grand and Western R. R. and stopping point for the great Southern Pacific and Union Pacific systems. Our cars were taken in tow by the former, and we made a fresh start for the west. The would-be Californian feels that when he gets to Ogden, he is almost at his journey's end, and is not a little surprised and chagrined to learn that he is yet seven hundred and fifty three miles

from Sacramento. Well, we are glad it is no further, for as we start again, we continue our acquaintance with alkali dust. It is a forced acquaintance, and we would gladly part company with it if we only could. We sigh for the pure and clear looking atmosphere of the plains, away from the track, and almost choke as we give utterance to the sigh. We climb another small range of mountains, and then come down into another valley of death, for we are now in the Great American Desert. It certainly deserves its name. Here we follow the Humbolt river until it loses itself in the sands of Humbolt sink. Night comes and we are glad to shut out the desolation. When daylight came again, it marked the beginning of our last day, and on looking out, we rubbed our eyes and looked again and again. It seemed to us almost impossible that there should be such great extremes so close together. Here was life and beauty which we could appreciate all the more because of what had gone before it. The Truckee river, the most beautiful stream I have ever seen, lay at our feet. Its waters sparkling blue, as they moved smoothly on, now creamy white as they poured over obstructions in their way, and snowy foam as they fell at the base of rock over which they had poured in their hurry onward. They had come from the eternal snows lying high in the Sierras. No wonder they were beautiful,—their source was pure. The valley now narrow, and again wider was well cultivated, and with its everlasting hills frowning or smiling down upon it from either side, it made me think of Alpine stories I had read. We were passing through the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains and were making our last climb upward for this trip. In this range, the mountain sides are not so abrupt and are covered with a thick growth of pines and cedars, having good girth, and whose tops reach far heavenward. However, at many places these are represented only by their stump which alone remains. The woodman's ax has laid them low, and great saw-mills have converted them into lumber. Many of these mills are far up in the mountains, and their product is floated down in shutes, made of lumber, and into which some small mountainstream has been turned. The sawed timbers come down these with great velocity, into a level pool or trough near the railroad, where they are fished out and piled up, ready for shipping. Thus, with ever varying scenery we continue going up, always delighted at the panorama of gorgeous beauty which is unfolded to us. If the Rocky mountains filled us with awe at their terrible grandeur, the Sierras filled us with wonder and delight at their sub-

lime beauty. Here is life and vegetation and water; yes, and as we approach the summit we saw far above us great banks of snow. The day was quite warm, Sept. 7, and I think we were excusable for wishing that we might be up there awhile. Many picturesque and apparently prosperous towns were passed on the ascent, Truckee being, perhaps the most worthy of mention. It has a very high altitude, has an abundance of water and ships, and enormous quantities of ice. In fact California largely depends on Truckee for this commodity. I saw there the framework of a monster ice palace which had been built last winter, and which drew many thousands to the city, until the demand for ice and the summer sun brought ruin to its chief attraction. Several miles beyond Truckee the last climb was finished, and in a snow shed nearly 15000 feet above sea level, we stopped to rest before starting down. How we did go when we began the descent! The rate of fall in the grade for some miles was two hundred feet to the mile, and we fairly shot down the steep incline, through tunnels and snow sheds almost interminable, or so they seemed to us. For thirty-five miles in one stretch, our train ran indoors, and then for five miles more we ran in and out of shorter sheds. Through small openings in the sides, we now and then caught glimpses of things we wished to see more fully. Among these was Donner Lake, which takes its name from that fated party of Illinois overland travelers, who perished in the snow on its shores. It was before the days of western railroads, California's gold had lured them to their ruin, and they died before they came in reach of it. Great forests of pine we saw glimpses of, but snow sheds shut out our chance of seeing them in their entirety.

We were now in California and its industries and products were being seen along our route. First, we saw gold mining by the hydraulic method. Great hills had been reduced to heaps of silt by the powerful streams of water which had been turned upon them, and had been made to give up their gold. Orchards were seen by the wayside, and fruit,—figs, apples, pears, plums, peaches and grapes were offered for sale at our car windows. I looked for grass but saw none, and as I remembered Ohio, with her beautiful carpet of green, my face grew long and longer. There, our orchards were sodded with fine blue grass; here the ground was bare, having been repeatedly cultivated during spring and summer. There, there had been a super-abundance of moisture, all the summer through; here there had been no precipitation at all. So Ohio was far ahead in the contrast, in so far as